A ROMANCE. By EDGAR FAWCETT. Author of Ambitious Woman," "A Gentle "Linkling Cymbals," dc. Copyright, 1886.

> XH. Continued,

We spoke together for some time about the milure which had been so disastrous to others besides her father and herself. I found that she had been penetrated by the liveliest sympathy for these others. "Some, I hear," she told me. "have been made quite penniless-people who had but little, and had placet it all with these trusted bankers. I turn bitter when I reflect upon the wrong they must endure."

"And you are not bitter about your own loss?"

I asked. "No; there is always a feeling of gratitude that the very worst did not happen. While papa constantly required me, I should have been called upon to work, as it were, with bound hands. And even if I had been free, this necessity would have distresed me terribly. I can't account for the distaste I have to cam my own living. No thoubt I could have got a place as governess in some family; my knowledge of languages and music might not have rendered it difficult. But the demand would have stung, almost crushed I know this repulsion is wrong, wicked. But I can't centrol it. I begin to think it some deep hereditary fault. Am I not right?"

"Pride does not die easily," I said.

"It is pride," she answered, plucking a bit of

green fringe from a cedar at her side, and slow-ly nodding her head. "I would give so much to conquer it, but I cannot. I have often heard that sorrow humbles; but it has not humbled me. I think it has brought me nearer to the big, strugglinf world of humanity, and that is all. Nearer, I mean, in spirit but not in real equality of fellowship. I still hold myself aloof, as one not to be counted with the general herd. I'm not afraid to call it by its proper name-arrogance, if you please. But it is there, and it will

Do not recard it as arrogance," I said, softly. Learn to look upon it as a wholesome selfeem, and then it will cease to disturb you." She smiled, but her eyes were melancholy. No, I can't deceive myself in that way. I have outgrown the love of flattery which I once had-if I ever really had it, as you told me."

Ob, forget and forgive those foolish words of mine," I suddenly pleaded. "You don't know how I have rejented them since they were spo-

She met my look unhesitatingly, then. "I have forgiven them long ago," she said, in her tweetest tones. Her face saddened instantly as she continued: "All that sort of pride has quite departed from me."

"And-and you admit then," I stammered "that I-I had some cause for—for losing control there in Paris that afternoon?"

"There is always a cause for everything," she replied, turning as if to re ascend the stone steps. "But so many of us will not make allowances. but simply hug our wounds and feel cruel toward those who have given them."

"And were you really wounded?" "I was not . . flattered."

"And you felt cruel toward me?"

"I did at first . . but afterward I-"
"Ah." I broke in, with fervor, "afterward your troubles came, and they softened you! But I have been fearing otherwise for months. I feared so more than ever when you refused to see me in

"Paja was very ill then I could see no one. As she thus spoke she had begun to ascend the steps. I had followed her several paces unconsciously, and she was looking at me now across

"You are going?" I faltered.

"Yes. I must go." Her voice was yery kindfy. but it was nothing more. She put out her hand, which I took: "Good morning . . Mrs. Dortan said, I think, that you meant to come and

"Yes," I answered. "Whet time will be the "At about four in the afternoon he is usually able to go downstairs for a little while. But you must expect to find him greatly changed."

"May I come this afternoon?" "No. I fear he will not be well enough to receive you."

"To-morrow, then?"

She went lightly up the steps without another

I wonlered, through the rest of that day, whether Mrs. Dorian or Casimir noticed the joy which filled my heart and seemed, so far as I tould tell, to dence in my gaze and ripple through my talk. But if either had made a discovery of it I received from them no sign that this was

true. From then till to morrow at four spread butward like a small tract of eternity itself. When this appointed hour came I took the path along the rocks and went up to the Gramerceys' lawn by the same step which she whom I loved had ascended on leaving me. Ada met me on the verandah before I had time to ring the bell.

"Papa is quite bright this afternoon." she said, rand is waiting to see you in the sitting-room." Then, lowering her voice, she proceeded: "Try not to show any surprise. You will hardly recognize bim at first."

I needed her warning. The Colonel was seated in an arm-chair as I entered the small, tastefully appointed chamber. He did not attempt to rise when I advanced toward him. His smile, full of a rich, dignified cordiality, was the same as of old; all else had changed with him. His form had shrunken; his face was almost deadly pale; his eyes, ringed with gloom, were dim and faded; all his martial stateliness of the past had vanished, and there was infinite pathos in the tremor of the waxen, transparent hand which he gave me. I was deeply touched; I scarcely knew what to say; and when he himself spoke, his hollow, hesitating tones were the last pitiful proof of his complete physical ruin. And yet his mind seemel clear enough, and with the evidence of its soundness I could also trace the well-remembered courtesy, the infallible signs of gentlemanly high breading. He made no reference to his own ills; he appeared to prefer that these should not be touched upon. In his wreck and downfall he was still able to perform the part of host, and caused me to feel this by a sort of impalpable emphasis. The grand manner was still preserved in him; you realized that only death could destroy it, and death could surely not be far distant. Now and then his daughter would help him in the shaping or ending of a phrase, but always with that consummate tact which had doubtless been lovingly studied in hours of vigil and ministration. She had taught him to accept the ajd of her brisker speech without letting it remaind him of his own need; she had become to him like the staft whose handle so perfectly fits our grasp that we lean there forgetful of how much we owe its support. She had in a way placed her youth and her fresh young vigor between plinself and too keen a recognition of his shattered state. It was very charming to note this half-conscious dependence and this capable, siert response. She grew if possible dearer to me as I watched how duteously promptly, uneringly she performed her more than filial part. "She gets her pride from him." I said to myself. "It is the pride of nace, the honor of self because one's ancestry has been held honorable. There is the old noblesse oblige about it, telling of all that was lest in those motives and claims which brought forth the patrician spirit. They are both true aristocrats, and their pride is not their foble but their right."

Stanch republican as I was, I believed this of both father and daughter, though my creed was hours of vigil and ministration. She had taught

Stanch republican as I was, I believed this of both father and daughter, though my creed was floubless rooted in my ardent love. Ah, how would such pride as hers counsel her if she knew my own orden? Would not repugnance be instinctive, and could I dare to biame her for its betrayal?

atinctive, and could I dare to blame her for its betrayal?

My interview with the Colonel was not a long one. Ada soon insited upon conducting him upstairs, though she made it graciously clear to me that his exit need be no signal for my departure. The presently returned, and we went out upon the verandah, sitting where a breath of loose matted vine gave us glimpses of the intensety blue afternoon sea, like the vignettes you sometimes meet in books. It was such delight to be her sole guest, having her unshared beed, marking the flexile lines of her shape, the righ tints of her suburn tresses, the manifold shades of expression that came and want on her clear cut face. She had brought a piece of sewing with her that rep-

resented no dainty bit of fancywork such as the most indolent lady will use her hands upon in pretty semblance of toil. It was a genuine seam, binding together two portions of a sleeve, and she plied her neetle-strokes with since energy, quietly remarking as she began them:

"I hope yeu will not mind my industry. It has become more or less necessary nowadays, you know."

has become more or less necessary howards, you know."

"I can mind it only to applaud it," I said. "The new attitude fits you astonishingly well-much better than the embroidering of those birds and roses which with many women are an affectation of toil." She gave a little sigh. "My birds are flown and my reses withered, I fear." "Some day they will sing and bloom again—I

"Hope is not realization." She bent her head

"Hope is not realization." She bent her head a trifle lower while thes speaking.
"Perhaps it is not with me." I answered.
She lifted her eyes for a moment. "You have all the world before you. Hope should be your most natural impulse.

"It is. But 'all the world' has nothing to do with it at present. Its object is more limited if not less ambitious."
She chose to leave this reply unnoticed. "You have thought of no career is yet?" she questioned.

if not less ambitious."

She chose to leave this reply unnoticed. "You have thought of no caseer as yet?" she questioned.

"I have thought of only one-politics. I have no aptitude for any other. The law repels me, since I possess Just enough imagination to resent its dryness. Trade of all sorts I should dislike, though if my dear guardian had not made it so meetless for me to think of a commercial future I should probably now be buying and selling something somewhere. In letters I should make the most pronounced kind of failure, for I should never actually fail. I should always be producing some work full of reflections from others. I know that the majority of books are made in this way. A few real geniuses lead the mob of gentlemen who write with ease. And I don't like the mob in literature; I'm an aristography of the mob of gentlemen who write with ease. And I don't like the mob in literature; I'm an aristography of the mobility of books are on the mobility of books are enacted there, if nowhere else. Perhaps I have the instability of spring the mobility of the mobili

stopped her needle and looked at me with a arch smile. "You told me that you re-

faint, arch smile. "You told me that you repented yesterlay."
"I told you the truth."
She shook her head, still smiling. "You forget. Repentance does not exact conditions; it receives them." receives them."
"Frankly." I said, changing my tone, "do you not think I had some cause for grievance that af-

"Frankly," I said, changing my tone, "do you not think I had some cause for grievance that afternoon on the Bois?" Remember that I constantly witnessed Foulke Dorian's attentions to you. He had followed you from England to France, and—"

"He was privileged to cross the Channel when he chose," she broke in, her color altering, "I did not encourage him to make the voyage,"

"People said that you did"

"What will people not say?"

"But he returned to America a little while after you returned."

She gave her head a slight invatient tosa. "You

u returned." She gave hee head a slight inntatient toss. "You

outsfare."

I saw that she was annoyed; the sarcasm had left her lips with no mildness of accent. But I had fanned the spark that was so leady to turn a flame; my reticence had shipped its fetter; in an instant more I felt myself urged to say;

"Of course you can not prevent him caring about you. But do you let him visit you now? Have you given him to understand that you will not become his wife?"

I leaned forward as I speke. She must have seen that my eagerness was not only passionate.

I leaned forward as I spoke. She must have seen that my eagerness was not only passionate, but that I was trying to keep it within bounds. If the stronger gleam in her eyes came from displeasure, it quickly faded.

"I have given him him to understand that," she said, very slowly and mearingly. "And more than once. He does not visit me. There are reas us apart from the refusal I just mentioned."

"Reesons?"

reas as a part from the refusal I just mentioned."

"Reasons?"

"Papa does not like him—has never liked him. He has not told the why, but I gained some knowledge of the truth from other sources. He thinks that Mr. Dorian behaved in an ungentlemanly way to a friend of his. Papa is very punctilious; the affair concerned a debt of honor. I believe—a bet made at the Chentilly races. He learned the facts just before we went to Austria. He has requested me not to receive Mr. Dorian hereafter. I do not mean that he has forbidden it—but with me requesting and forbidding are the same. There, that is all. Now let us talk of something pleasanter, if you will. Describe to me some of Monsieur Laprade's wonderful pictures. That will be the next best thing to seeing them

spoke with his accessomed substitution which no mere politeness could imply.

"I have studied much less than I have observed," was her answer. "But it seems to me that I am unavariantably bold in passing any judgment whatever upon your work, Monsieur Laprade. It all strikes me as astonishingly brilliant am novel. Mr. Claud has been preparing me for a disappointment," she added, with a glance in my direction. "For fleaven's sake let us know the worst." exclaimed Mrs. Dorlan, in her most ratting vein. "Till this moment I had believed that Otho and I were both pledged to an unalterable approval of whatever Casimir did. If otho has presumed to desert unqualifier praise for any kind of criticism, I beg that you will expose his horrible treachery."

"I mean only that he praised Monsieur Laprade without the least reserve." said Ada, handhing, and in that way he made me tremble for the fulfilment of my own expectations."

"Ah." declared my guardian, "then he has been loyal after all, and I apologize to him for my base suspicions."

"Do you dread critics?" asked our visitor of

"Do you dread critics?" asked our visitor of

Casindr.

Ite appeared to muse for a moment, and his luminous eyes took that thoughtful look which always gave so magical a charm to his fair, poetic, pictures ue face.

"I often think there is only one just critic," he said, gravely and slowly. "I mean . . . death, ife is and to write of us in very black ink on very white paper; but he tells the truth about us in the end."

"How dreadful of you. Casimir!" cried Mrs.

Ife is apt to write of us in very black ink on very white paper; but he tells the truth about us in the end."

"How dreadful of you, Casimir!" cried Mrs. Dorian. "And yet how charming. You have given me one of my impressions. Hens. It will do for a future picture by yourself. I imagine a skeleton, with a notebook in its bony hand, going through the galleries of the Louvre and alternately grinning or scowling."

"Ah, madame." I said, "it is we who represent the skeleton of which you speak. We are posterity and we are forever passing judgments upon the works of the dead. I think that in the main Casimir is right. Every genius and every pretender limiting gets his due in just that fashion. ""

"Do you find my friend's embodied dreams too sombre?" I asked of Ada, as we walked toward the cottage together, about an hour later, "Do you think that like the painter of whom Shelley sang he dips his brush too deeply in the hues of carthquake and eclipse?

"He is gloomy, beyond a doubt." she answered, "but it is the gloom of life itself and not a mere morbid craving after what is sinister and repellent, That picture, for example, which he calls simply 'The Choice,' and in which we see the dark angel, with poppies on his brow, repulsing an old grief-stricken woman while he has flung a strong arm about the unwilling shape of a delicate, beautiful young girl—how true that is, and how exempt from the least cynicism! It is a sort of universal allegory." She paused here, and I thought she had finished speaking, when her voice presently resumed: "Still, for such a man as he I should fancy that there might be peal hereafter."

"Peril?" I said, surprisedly.

"In the artistic sense—yes. He loves shadows so much. You likened him to Poe, and with good cause, I think. But he is a sort of Poe touched with sunshine. And yet, if some great grief or disaster came to him, would not the sunshine die out of all that he did? Might not his work turn grim and even malign? I may be wrong, yet this thought struck me as I stood there in his studio, and watched not only his paintings, but his fine, sensitive, mobile face."

"I should not wonder at the result which you half prophesy." I returned; "and yet Casimir will no doubt escape it. The great grief will be spared him. I should say. He loves his art passionately, and will never fall in love with any less othereal mistress. There lies his safeguard."

"I used to think so. Just now I feel as if she had only one."

had only one."
"You don't mean what you say," she reproved with a very serious glance up into my face Still, I somehow did not believe that my words offended her. After a little silence she said: "He is a Parisian by birth, is he not, this Casimir

Laprade?"
"Yes. He is the only child of Mis. Dorian's sister. "And you. You are a Belgian? You were born in Brussels?"
"Yes."

"Yes."

"It is a charming city, Brussels; it is a little clean, white, brilliant Paris. I spent such a happy autumn there when I was a mere girl. I was never thred of attending service in that stately, drowsy old Saint Gudule, with its magnificent stained glass windows and its buried kings and queens in their solemn tombs. I wonder it did not turn me into a Catholic. Poor mamma, I remember, grew frightened lest it would. Ah, you had a most beautiful birthplace! You were left an orphan there, were you not, at quite an early age?" early age?

"Yes."

"I recollect hearing it. Some one in Paris told
me, I think. And your mother was a friend of
Mrs. Dorian, though not related to her?"

"Not related . . no."

"It must have been very sad." She spoke tenderly; she had used her gentiest tones throughout
all these latter sentences, with not a suggestion of
idle inquisitiveness and with much compassionate
declars. dedeary. "Sad?" I questioned.

all these latter sentences with not all together sentences with not all together sentences with not as the continued of the inquisitiveness and with much compassionate ""saif "I questioned."

""and "I questioned."

"I mean having to leave your native land gnatione all allows across that hime waster of occur. The continued of the control of the contr

rle-was now just. I conceded the imposture to my own conscience, but its commission I had likewise declared to be incited by copious excuse, defended by ample palliative and externation.

The lawns of Rockside, trim and velvety.

The lawns of fockside, trim and vertery, glored shoreward in sweet fresh curves as the slant light of early morning struck them. I was not yet wholly calm, and perhaps on this account I sought the rocks before passing into the house once among their ledges and crevices now so familiar both to sight and tread, I moved on for some distance in the direction of the Gramerceys' cottage.

some distance in the direction.

Suddenly I stood quite still. It seemed to me that I was turning to stone like the rocks themselves. Through an opening in some trees that dropped lower than the rest, I had gained a view dropped lower than the whose where Ada and I had

drooped lower than the rest. I had gained a view of that part of the shore where Ada and I had first met after so many months of separation.

She was there now. A man was at her side, They were speaking together. I saw him take her hand, bend over it and kiss it. She drew her hand away, but with no sign of anger. Then she went on speaking, though I could not hear what she said: I was too far away for that.

I had clearly recognized the man. He was Foulke Dorian.

My heart began to beat with great throbs. My limbs grew so weak that I sank down and at the same moment my head whirled dizzily. But I soon rose again, peering at once through the branches.

oranches.

Neither he nor she was there. Both had vanished. Had it been a horrid illusion? Had my senses tricked me? Could it all have been actual?

XIII.

This doubt was only a proof of my mental turmoil. To think soberly would have been to scoff it. But I could not think soberly. If the ghost of some one whom I knew to be dead had appeared before me and then melted away, my dief that hallucination had victimized me might have been much less positive than now. But of course the intense unexpectedness of what

I had seen explained this dubious mood, neces-

sarily transient Opposite conviction ensued, and with but too sharp a haste. I did not need, a little later, to pick from that very spot where had witnessed Ada Gramercey in converse with Dorian a long white thread glove such as she had worn that very day, for my certainty of the whole proceeding to be verified. As I crushed the soft abstance of the glove between my fingers and palm, there must have been a fierceness in that slighter act akin to the force that might go with one dark and violent. I lifted my hand to my fore head and found it beaded with cold drops of sweat. The thought distinctly flashed through my brain that if the man whom I had just seen were then within my reach I would kill him. Murder was in each breath I drew, and I think it made my face white and dilated my eyes. I even sprang up the stone steps, in another moment, and swept with a rapid gaze the tract of lawn about the cottage. It was quite empty, as I stood there among the trees, gasping and clutching the glove, I was mad, as men are nearly always when they slay. The spells and curses that witches were said to cast in old times may have sprung, like so much that is laughed at as fable to-day, from a germ of solid fact. Long ago my mother, with either a strange prescience of what would befall me, or with only the dreading foresight engendered by deep love, had named this frenzy a curse. It was now like a sudden vital change of my whole nature. Every high and sane faculty became a turgld blur. Reason was blotted out, and prudence, humanity, pity. self-esteem, were whirled away as the whirls a ring of dust. Manhood sank and faded; the mere gross animal rage that sets a fang in fish took its place. To live was to thirst for redress of wrong, and burn with a sense of unparalleled outrage. So must my father have felt on that horrible morning. If his frantic spirit had driven mine from its body and entered there instead. I could not have more fatally resembled him than during that dis-

Some dim conception of this likeness must have forced itself into my brain, and with abrupt saving effect. For the revulsion suddenly came, and it afterward seemed that no other influence had wrought it. I remembered that I was his son, and without one wild detail missing, the whole icture of his crime, lit as from infernal fires, somed ghastly upon my recollection. In an instant the murderous mood ended. I was rational, self-controlled, a being of judgment, intellect, temperance. I shuddered as I descended the sters leading to the shore. A frightful question was thrilling me: What might have happened if that tyranny of blind, headlong trance had lasted in-

itead of ceasing? It was night when I passed indoors. had been served several hours ago. Mrs. Dorian met me in the hall with an anxious face. "My lear Otho," she said, "we did not know what had become of you. But of course you dined with the Gramerceys. I really can't think what made me worried about you. It was absurd, of course. Casimir, who would rise with the lark if there were such things as larks in Westchester County, has gone to bel. I have been all alone in the sitting-room for quite an age, and this stupid novel, the last of my lot from town, would not let me read it, so I became nervous, hearing little sounds everywhere. It is wonderful how duil a French novel gets when it is written to exploiter the beauties of virtue. I think it must have been the flapping of that great moth in the lamp that

a learn of so much nearly counterfeated mutual that it half reasoured in loans. The street is woose in a mean of the servants to close the boase? "I am a service the street of the servants to close the boase?" "No." she said. "But Otho . you are sure?" "Only some." I said of the servants to close the boase? "You'll be sure." I said the servants to close the boase? "Only in the doubt that Ala Gramerey had been faithless and treacherous to me. Had not been worked that had been shad been faithless and treacherous to me. Had not been on the faithless and treacherous to me. Had not been on the faithless and treacherous to me. Had not been on the faithless and treacherous to me. Had not been dead to one of the stability of the faithless and treacherous to me. Had not been on the faithless and treacherous to me. Had not been on the faithless and treacherous to me. Had not been dead to me of the stability of the stable stable in the stable stable in the stable of the stable been and the stable of the stable been and the stable of the stable stable in the stable of the stable stable in the stable of the stable stable in the stable stable in the stable of the stable stable in the sta

A minute or two after I had rung the bell at the open entrance I saw her emerge from the little sitting room that adjoined the hall. She slowly alvanced to where I waited. She was clad in her customary white dress, and she had a few garden flowers in her besom. Her beauty pierced me with pain. I took her hand because she offered it to me, but I did so with a strange thrill of despair, as though realizing it was for the last time on this side of the grave!

She appeared to notice nothing unesual in my face or hearing. She spoke of the fine weather, going forward almost to the edge of the verandah, and then returning in my direction with a smile and a slight shiver.

"It is a little cool here, is it not?" she said. "Shall we go into the sitting-room?"

As we passed thither I asked about her father, tranquily enough. She told me that he was sleeping when she had last left him. "He spends so much time in sleep," she continued, with a faint sigh, while sinking into a chair. "that if one judges of how much better or worse he is only by his wakeful hours, one is often in doubt. I hope your portrait has progressed favorably since yesterday?"

I had scated myself before I answered:

sterday?"
I had seated myself before I answered:

I had scated mysell before I answered:

"How did it strike you vesterday?!

"Oh, as a mere sketch."

"But a true one?

"A little ideal, if you will pardon me. Not that I do not like a portrait which shows us at our very best. That is the prerogative of portrait painting. It is charming to have a friend transmit our image to can as, as Monsieur Laprade is

"Why?"

"Recause the friend becomes a gentle eulogist, and if he be gifted and faithful to the requirements of his art he may surprise those who know us well by showing them how careless has been their everyday estimate.

"Then you think that people who like us are apt to deal in these unjust opinions?"

"Yes." she returned, thoughtfully. "Monsieur Laprade sand that death was a critic. Is he not also in a certain way a portrait painter? We die, and we are at once recollected in a new light, as it were. Traits and qualities are renambered and appreciated that were forgotten or neglected in us before."

I saw my opportunity then and quietly took

fore. I saw my opportunity then and quietly took I saw my opportunity then and quietly book
t. "But while we live we are so apt to afford
ad proofs of mastering and fruitful faults."
She looked at me with some surprise for a monent. "You say that very dejectedly. Are you ment.

ment. "You say that very dejectedly. Are you distrait this morning?"

"I am unhappy."
Her face grew serious. "Something has happened at home?" she murmured.

"No; not at home."

"You have had bad news from abroad?"

"Not from so far away." I drew out the glove as I spoke. "You dropped this on the rocks yesterday—in the afternoon, I think. It is yours, is it not?" is it not?"
She took the glove. "Yes; it is mine. Thanks."
There was not a sign of embarrassment in her re-

ply.
"Very possibly you lost it while you were there
with Foulke Dorian," I went on.
She gave a start then and looked at me fixedly.
But her color did not alter in the least. "You

But her color did not alter in the least. "You saw me?"

"Yes. I saw you—and him." My voice must have trembled now. "I saw him take your hand and kiss it. 1—I was not spying upon you—please be sure of that."

"I did not imagine that you were," she answered, with immediate haughtiness. "You are surely above any such action."

"Ah, don't take that for granted!" I said, with a rush of bitterness, as I rose. "To any one who had deceived me as you had done I might have paid guile for guile."

"Her brow clouded, and she bit her lip. I felt her anger to be unwarrantable, shameless; I could

paid guile for guile."

"Her brow clouded, and she bit her lip. I felt her anger to be unwarrantable, shameless; I could have borne the most artful feigning of innocence

better.
"You were never once deceived by me!" she

"You were never once deceived by me!" she exclaimed, with indignation. And then, abruptly, while her eyes dwelt upon my face, an entire change swept over her. She rose and regarded me with a sorrowful amazement. "If you saw that man kiss my hand," she said. "you must also have seen that I gave him no incentive to do so. It is coming to this place has been a source of distress to me. He had learned of that path leading from the village to the rocks; probably the boy who had brought me his urgent note but a short time before, begging that I should meet him, had told him of it. He has possessed himself of several large mortgages once owned by my father; he wished to return these for a merely nominal sum; he wanted me to arrange a deception by means of which my father would believe himself almost re-enriched through a stroke of pure good fortune. Papa was to be made greatly dis dobtor yet never to know this. The proposal was one which he begged me earnestly to accept,

and which I could not but heed with gracious consideration, although I promptly refused it. I meant to keep the whole affair a secret, and not even to tell my father of its occurrence. If this be gulle, then I have employed it."

Perhaps she would have spoken further: I cannot say. My own contrition broke all bounds, here, and I hurried to her side, in a passion of joy

here, and I hurried to her side, in a passion of joy and self-reproach.

"Can you ever forcive me," I cried. "I have been the maddest of fools! You are truth and henor itself, and yet I seized the first little chance to wrong, to distrust you! But it is the fault of my love—that only! Oh. Ada, if you had let me really believe in your love, all might have been different! But you have kept me forever at a distance. You see, I leap over that distance now—I can't help it. I must never look on your face again if you do not love me enough to be my wife!"

Her eyes were shining in tears as she said: "I do love you."

the heauties of virtue. I think it must have been the flapping of that great moth in the lamp that made me nervous. What a beautiful moth, by the way! It gives me an impression; it has such an evil, funeste look, with its big spotted wines; it might be a bad spirit in disguise. And it has nearly put out the lamp, poor horrid creature. I can scarcely see you in this dimness."

I was glad of that "I will go upstairs, madame, if you will permit," I said. "I am a little unwell."

"Unwell, Otho? You don't mean that Ada-"

"I meen nothing about Ada," I broke in, with a laugh of so much neatly counterfeited mirth that it half reassured my heare. "There is nothing wrong ... I am somewhat tired. Pray excuse me. Shall I ring for the servants to close the house?"

"No." she said. "But Otho ... you are sure?"

"No." she said. "But Otho ... you are sure?"

"Outle sure." I said repeating my laugh, and with more skill than before.

I passed that night skeplessly, alone with my sorrow. I did not doubt that Ada Grumercey had been faithless and treacherous to me. Had not her own words groved it? Every sentence that she had shoken with reference to Foolke Dorian was revived keenly in my memory. What had all this been but calculated double-dealing? As for the notive, I could ascribe it to nothing except relentless coquetry. Other women had played politiessly like this, with men before now. That I had runked her incapable of such hypocrity was no argument against her having practised it. Other men had been similarly deceived. Besides, she had rendered and the such conscious of its own halfslantered s

with a smile.

"Oh. no. They preferred to accept the other chances. We all do."

Her smile deepened to one of mischievous meaning. "I am glad I did not let you go with papa and me to the Tyrol," she said. "You might have

"Ob, if I had suggested the leap it would have been the merest poetic posing. You'd have seen through it in half a minute. I could never consent to lose you in that way."

"But if we had both leated together?"

"My plight would have been a pretty one! Angels go straight to Heaven, and so I should have been left without you.

"Once a real gloom crossed the brightness of those blisful weeks, and a darker gloom than she guessed. We had been speaking of old acquaintances in Paris, of their weaknesses, foibles, foilies and general characteristics.

"Mademoiselle X— made a wholly heartless match," I said. "She married the Count's name only."

only."
It was a very distinguished name."

"It was a very distinguished name."

"Ah. I remember . you believe in all that."

"I believe in an unsufflied names-yes."

"Unsufflied?"... The word pricked me. "His was more than merely that."

"I know; it was historic."

I laughed a little dreamly. "He traced back among mediaval rufflans.

"But a good many of his ancestors had been gentlemen." gentlemen." I said, looking at her intently and "Teil me," I said, looking at her intently and

"Tell me," I said, lookin; at her menty feeling the growth of a restless annoyance; "if I had a mame like his, would you prefer it—or are you indifferent on such a subject?"

She answered my look, and I saw a shade of place cross her face. "Why ask me this question, Otho?" she returned.

Her voice had a faintly haish ring.
"You need not answer it," I said. "You

tion. Otho?" she returned.

Her voice had a faintly haish ring.
"You need not answer it," I said. "You have already done so."
She grew nettled at this . . "Really, you take a great deal for granted!"

"Certain signs are conclusive." . I kept silent for some time while she watched me. Then I slowly continued: "You know that I am right. If I were a duke an earl, a prince, you would love me more than you do now."

She threw back her head and regarded me with angry astonishment. "How can you speak like this, Otho!" she exclaimed. "It is trivial!"

I took both her hands in mine, an instant later and gazed steadily into her face. "Yes, Ada," I said," "It was trivial—boyish—absurd. I admit that it was!" Then, as suddenly, I dropped her hands. "But . . something made me speak as I did . I scarcely know what."
"Your own want of reason," she replied, her resentment by no means cooled.
"No," I affirmed, with a touch of excitement; "it was not that. It was something else. . . Stay: If I were still Otho Claud, just as you know me now, and yet, if—"

e now, and yet, if—"
I abruptly paused. A sense of whither my own houghts were carrying me had produced this thoughts

hesitation. "If." she repeated, echoing my last word. "If," she repeated, echoing my last word.

"If what, pray?"

I gave a brief, curt laugh, and finished my sentence. "If I bore some stigma, through ... through the misdeeds of my parents—if I were branded, not by my own shame but theirs—would you still care for me, hold me dear, be willing to join your fate with mine?"

"Stigma . . shame?" she again repeated. Her_face grew full of pain. "Oh, Otho," she burst forth, "why do you even think of anything so . .-so unwelcome and distressing?"

She may not have noticed how much paier I had grown; but I am sure that my color had

She may not have noticed how much paier I had grown; but I am sure that my color had faded. "You abhor the idea," I said, accusingly. "But if such a stigma, such a shame, rested upon you, I should hold it as less than nothing!"

"Ah, you say that!"

"I am certain of it. Your father—he might be a thief, a murdeter—"
"Otho!"

"Otho!"
"It is is true!" I hurried on, eagerly. "No matter for the source you had sprung from; provided you still remained who and what you are, I should count all former circumstances as paltry. I should count all former criemistance as pacty. You would be yourself—your origin would not in the least concern me. She made a dissatisfied, rebuking gesture. "Why have you brought up this question?" she appealed. "I am sure that I said nothing to pro-

it would make no difference—none whatever. I should deplore, regret, even sorrow that such thing were true, but the love I bear you could not alter because of it... There' are you satisfied? or will you still cruelly persist in tormenting me?"

"No!" I answered, eagerly, taking her in my arms. "Oh, Ada, I am foolish and cruel! Forgive me! I will never annoy you with these almiess suppositions again!"

Still, for a long time afterward, the remembrance of her rerplexity and hesitation staid with me. I hated to recall it, just as I hated my own rashness in having touched upon so perflous and suggestive a point. Hereafter, I concluded, greates self-control and discretion must assuredly be used. I must school myself into guarding against any out-

to wrong, to distrust you! But it is the fault of my love—that only! Oh. Ada, if you had let me really believe in your love, all might have been different? But you have kept me forever at a distance. You see, I leap over that distance now—I can't help it. I must never look on your face again if you do not love me enough to be my Her eyes were shining in teats as she said; "I do love you."

Late that same afternoon I told both Casimir and Mrs. Dorian that Ada Gramercey had promised to marry me. Both faces lightneed as they heard that this hould be a long to the tidings. My guardian kissed me; Casimir warmly grasped and pressed my hand. It was several hours afterward and while we were alone to the training years and the tidings. My guardian kissed me cagement. Otho."

"Not years, I think. He will either partially "Not years, I think. He will either partially "Did you speak of partially and might have should be a long anything so terrestrial as la question d'agrent?"

"Mot years, I think. He will either partially recover or die. All the physicians have told her anything so terrestrial as la question d'agrent?"

"Mot wear madame." I cried, with a laugh and the blush, "we have spoken of nothing but our mutual love."

"Did you speak of partial ways does, and anything so terrestrial as la question d'agrent?"

"Mot dear madame." I cried, with a laugh and the long of mock grimmess. "Just as I imagined. The rest will come soon enough; it always does, And when it does I want you to feel that you can talk when it does I want you to feel that you can talk when it does I want you to feel that you can talk when it does I want you to feel that you can talk when it does I want you to feel that you can talk when it does I want you to feel that you can talk when it does I want you to feel that you can talk when it does I want you to feel that you can talk when it does I want you to feel that you can talk when it does I want you to feel that you can talk when it does I want you to feel that you can talk when it does I want you to

(To be continued.)

MY FANCY'S QUEEN. From The Theatre, I will not say if she be dark or fair, Or if her eyes be hazel, black or blue; I will not dwell npon her wealth of hair,

Or on its silken glossiness or hue.

I know not if to other men she seem.

The sweetest woman earth has ever seen.

The incarnation of a poet's gream— But this I know; she is my Fancy's Queen. Be thou for ever blest, propitious day, When first I saw her, robed in creamy

I sought to speak to her - she would not stay, But, like a startled wood-bird, took to flight. But, like a startled wood-bird, look to high.

The fairies knew her as she swiftly stept.

Along their forest pathway arched with green,

And from the flower-fastnesses out crept,

To weave new love-spells for my Fancy's Queen.

I followed nard at heel—she knew it not, For never once she turned her lovely face Nor paused, but onward sped towards the spot Whereon were housed her innocence and grace.

I rested not until I learned her name, And wooed her -aye, and made her mine, I ween And now she is a grave and stately dame; But none the less is she my Fancy's Queen

-[WM. BEATTY-KINGSTOR

THREE THOUGHIS. " Come in, Sweet Thought, come in; Why linger at the door ! Is it because a shape of sin Defiled the place before!
Twas but a moment there;
I chased it soon away; Behold, my breast is clean and bare— Come in, Sweet Thought, and stay, The Sweet Thought said me, 'No; I love not such a room, Where uncouth inmates come and go, And back, unbidden, come.

I rather make my cell From ill resort secure, Where love and lovely fancies dwell In bosoms virgin-pure." Oh. Pure Thought, then I said. Come thou, and bring with thee This dainty Sweetness, fancy-brod,

That flouts my house and me. No peevish pride hast thou, Nor turnest glance of scorn On aught the laws of life allow In man of woman born, Said he, 'No place for us Is here; and, be it known, You dwell where ways are perilous

For them that walk alone; There needs the surer road, The fresher sprinkled floor. Else are we not for your abode '-Then, in my utmost need, Oh, Holy Thought, I cried, Come thou, that cleanest will and deed,

And in my breast abide. And presently begin And ere the heart had heaved its sigh The Guest Divine came in. As in the post-house ward The prompt Physician stands

He stood, and said, 'My task Is here, and here my home And here am I, who only asi See how in huddling flight The ranks of darkness run,

Streamed from the risen How, but a drop infuse Within the turbid bowl,
Of some clixir's virtuous juice It straight makes clear the whole So from before his face The fainting phantoms went, And, in a fresh and sunny place, My soul sat down content; For-mark and understand My ailment and my cure-

ove came and brought me, in his hand, The Sweet Thought and the Pure." -[SAMURL PREGUEOR WE ARE CHANGED! We feel our love has long grown cold, And yet we dare not own That, day by day, a stient change Has o'er our spirits grown.
We see it, though our eyes the while
Are blinded by our bears;
With words of former tenderness
We strive to mock our lears.

But we are changed. We are not one, As we were once of old. Oh, would to God that we had died Before our love grew cold! We've struggled hard against our fate, Our hearts still warm to keep, As way worn men strive with the cold That numbs them into sleep. We have not let one unkind word

The better truth reveal:
The world knows not, must never knew
What both of us now feel, That we are changed. We are not one As we were once of old. Oh, would to God that we had died Before our love grew cold! Bound, like the felon bound of yore,

Unto the lifeless clay, Linked to a love long dead that shows Each moment more decay, In secret we must hug our bonds, Till death will set us free. I weep, my wife, to think that I Have forged these chains for thee; For we are changed. We are not one As we were once of old, Oh, would to God that we had died

THE COUNTY MAYO. Translated by Samuel Ferguson and George Foz.
On the deck of Patrick Lynch's boat I sit in wooful plight Through sighing all the long day, and weeping all the night Ah! but that from my people in sorrow forth I go, By all that lives! 'tis bravely I'd sing thy praise, Mayo!

When I was with my people, and my gold did much about In the company of fair young maids the Spanish ale w round; Ah! but for too much drinking of that strong Spanish ale. And for these wrongful English laws which overmuch prevail, I had not now-I had not now to Santa Cruz to gd,

The Irrul girls are altered—'tis proud they're grown and high With their hair-bags and their top-knots-for I pass buckles by. But if I were back in Irrul, for all their haughty airs,

I'd hold them for no better than hateful foreigners. But Irrul I shall never see—my God will have it so— For I must fly to foreign lands, and leave my own Maye. But ah!--if Patrick Loughlin were earl in Irrul still,

But ah !— if Patrick Loughth were earl in Iria and,
If Brian Duff, his son-in-law, were lord upon the hill,
If yet black Hugh MacGrady rode a colonelling in Clare,
I'd not be here,—I'd not be here, and my sweet masters there
But alas! these gallant gentlemen are lying dead and low,
And I am sailing swiftly from the county of Maye.

—[THOMAS FLAVELLE.